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Judge

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CROAKING AGAIN.

UNCLE SAM—"I thought I killed those fellows last fall."

Judge

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ONLY A FIEND will use fly-paper without a muzzle on it.

* * *

IT SEEMS STRANGE that Mr. Platt is not called upon to settle the eastern question.

* * *

PEACE HATH her victories, but we didn't look for one of them in the Kentucky legislature.

* * *

THE THEOSOPHISTS are breaking up all the old coffins they can get hold of and throwing the pieces at one another.

* * *

MARK TWAIN once cut a warrantee deed into short lines and called it a poem; and Mr. Kipling has written verses about the Canadian tariff.

* * *

WE ARE STILL firm in the belief that the new tariff should take effect, not so much retroactively—not last April or last year—as some time before the day of judgment.

* * *

A RUMOR of war between Japan and the United States over Honolulu will amount to something, we trust. For instance, can't we oblige Japan to take possession of the disputed premises?

* * *

IT WAS MEAN in a contemporary to quote sentences from a distinguished clergyman profusely embellished with the word damn. Obviously the gentleman intended them only for private circulation.

* * *

A MR. TOWNSEND says that on one occasion he was in Grant's presence quite a long time and Grant never looked at him. Probably Grant was absent-minded, but he might at least have stepped on him.

* * *

SOME LOCAL POLITICIANS, discussing municipal elections, have revived the old declaration, "As goes Podunk so goes the union"; but they have added to their geography all the other fractions of the universe.

* * *

Her majesty will show honor to Gladstone, the great commoner, by conferring on him the order of the garter, exclusively intended for scions of royalty and peers.—*Elmira Gazette.*

IT OCCURS to us that the honor is conferred upon the scions.

* * *

THE WAISTCOATS of Lieutenant-governor Woodruff of this state, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, are the wonder and admiration of all classes. Yes, indeed; but what are they in comparison with the golden glory of his rhetoric?

* * *

A BILL before the Iowa legislature provides that every male citizen shall shave at least twice a week. If it had been before the late New York legislature this amendment would have been tacked to it—"But he mustn't do it on Sunday unless he goes to Brooklyn or Niagara Falls."

* * *

OF THE TWO Democratic parties of this country which is the one? The vote of the gold Democrats of Michigan increased between last November and April of this year about twenty-four thousand votes. We shall hear presently from the silver states, however, and then there will be a resumption of speculative confusion.

NO HACKNEYED "LAY."

LADY—"I don't believe you are a needy Greek; and if I remember aright you are the same man that was posing around here a short time ago as a needy Cuban."

TRAMP—"Well, lady, dere's one t'ing yer *can't* accuse me uv, an' dat is not bein' 'up ter date.'"

THE CRIME OF DISCOVERY.

A BANK OFFICER in Illinois left a note saying that he preferred suicide to disgrace. Sensitive soul! and yet the fact of being a thief didn't disturb him any. It was the fact that the world would hear of it that tore his vitals.

A HEALTHY PRIDE.

THE CO-ED. GIRLS of Cornell have organized a boating association and will have a crew. Thus the new woman sheds her cackle. Every girl of this organization will presently be as proud of her crew as if she had got up on the fence and made it herself.

THE LATER TYRANNY.

WHEN THE PEOPLE actually govern their so-called rulers have a hard time. The Greeks were going to drive out King George because he didn't start a war, and later they threatened him because he did. Were there ever more unreasonable tyrants than the people who facetiously declare that they govern themselves?

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD.

SIXTY THOUSAND MEN took part in the Grant parade. That for the great commander. Hundreds of thousands of men remember the dead veterans year by year—the grand army whose marching ceased over thirty years ago. This government was not saved in vain. It has gratitude and memory for the valor and sacrifice of the humble as well as the great, and it "shall not perish from the earth."

WHICH FROM WHICH?

SENATOR MASON must not be too hasty in his efforts to dry-dock the senate in order to rid it of its barnacles. There may be more barnacle than senate, as ex-Senator Hill doubtless supposes. We recall the case of a hundred-pound woman who was relieved of a fifty-pound tumor. It has not been decided to this day whether she was removed from the affliction or the affliction was removed from her.

THE RIGHT TO WEEP.

JUDGE WILKES of Tennessee decides against an appeal from a jury verdict on the ground that the jury were unduly influenced by tears shed by one of the counsel. The decision is undoubtedly right, for an opposite one would have led to endless questions as to the various emotions a lawyer might put on exhibition; but it is more important as a triumph of the woman lawyers who are forcing their way to the bar.

BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN RICH?

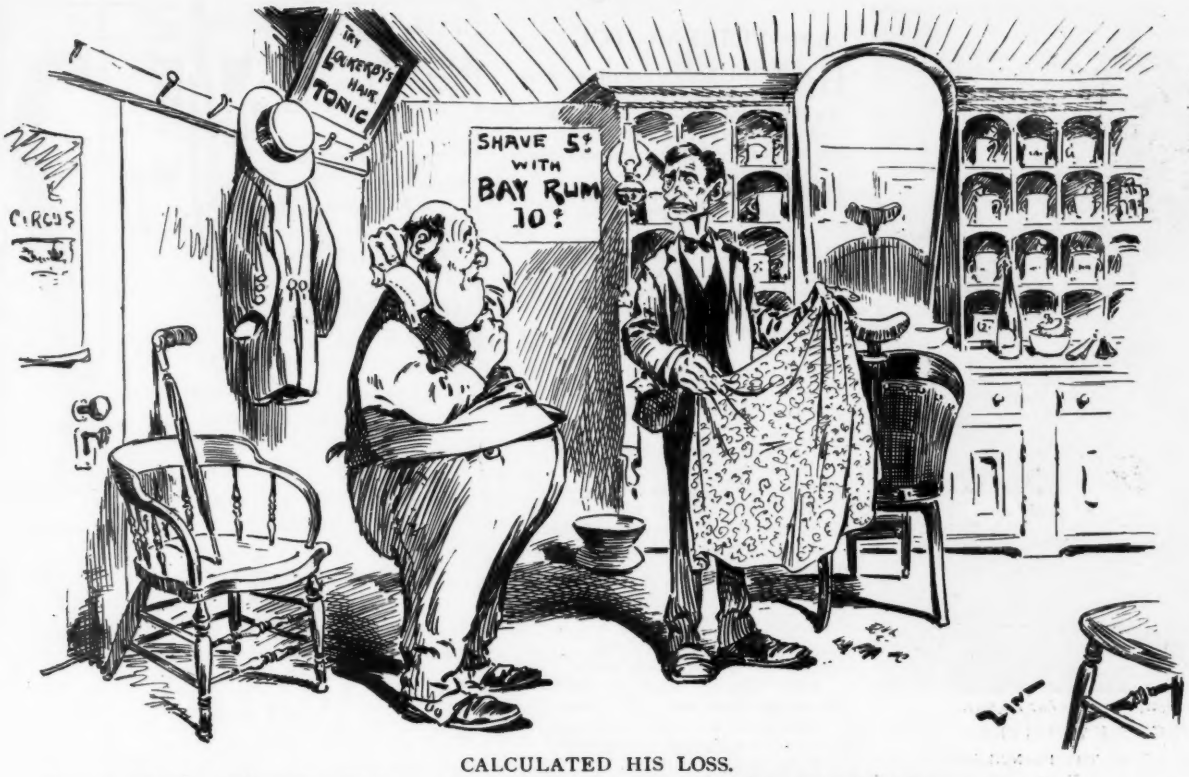
THE BANDS of the Grant procession ceased playing when passing the house in which a millionaire lay dead. The request to that effect seems to many an impertinence. Doubtless there were other dead persons, and other men to whose illness the bands were not an antidote, along the route of the procession; but this was the only request of the kind. Even the friends of the dead hero made no complaint of either the noise or the pageant.

THE SOCIETY HABIT.

A LITERARY CLUB of Indianapolis blackballed the governor of Indiana because he was a farmer. It might be advisable for this literary club to study authorship a little. Some very humble persons have written some great books, and farming is really not an objectionable pursuit if it does run to practical conclusions. There is a society that has refused honor to the memory of Ben Franklin because he was not a moral man; and if that kind of judgment rules in history and other kinds of literature the time will come when the societies will have nobody to worship but their precious selves.

WHY BLACK DIDN'T RIDE.

GOVERNOR BLACK must not be blamed for failing to ride a horse in the Grant funeral procession. He probably remembered the figure Governor Hill cut on a horse during one of the centennial parades. Both horse and rider were frightened half to death. The horse made no demonstration, however—he merely trembled. Nevertheless he was led by two soldiers, and when the rider lifted his hat he did it with both hands, his face perceptibly paling throughout the act. "H'm!" said Governor Hill when the trouble was over; "the only proper way to ride a horse is to get off and let him do it himself."



CALCULATED HIS LOSS.

CUSTOMER (*indignantly*)—"Why didn't you ask me if I wished bay-rum? Didn't you think I had five cents?"
BARBER—"It wasn't that, boss — I couldn't see where my profit on bay-rum at five cents was goin' ter come in on your face."

FREE—WITH EXPENSES.

"GOSPEL 's free—free to all dis congregashun," said Brother Sparhawk, "an' salvation 's free. Y' on'y got to walk right up an' he'p yo'se'f, or call on me to gib yo' some."

But when the collection-box was passed around there was a murmur of discontent, starting in the corner where sat the Venus chapter of the sisters of Mary and extending to the masculine pillars of the church.

"How yo' reckon salvation 's free w'en yo' sergashiate de 'lection-box roun' de congregashun?" asked Mr. Smallwood.

"W'y, it's dis way, frien's. Dar's a spring o' pure livin' water way up de mountain, free—free to all. But dere's pipin' laid to bring dat water down whar yo' all can use it, an' pipin' costs money. Now de gospel fount am free, but de pipin' am 'spensive—an' I'm de pipin'."

HELEN C. CANDEE.

RECIPROCITY.

JONES—"How much do you pay your typewriter?"
BROWN—"'Sh! I used to pay her fifteen dollars a week."
JONES—"But how much do you pay her now?"
BROWN—"'Sh! She allows me fifteen dollars a week, now—we're married."

DECORATION DAY.

ON THIS day every year in
solemn thought we dwell
On dear ones long since gone to
"meads of Asphodel";
Not heroes only—who their lives in
battle gave—
For every heart bereft now decorates some grave

Not so gay Gladys there, fair object of my dreams,
Whose fine new Paris hat a flower-garden seems,
See how she pins my roses on her breast, sweet elf!
She has no memories—so decorates herself.

JUDITH SPENCER.

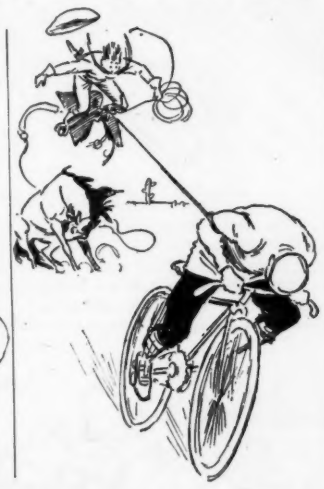
A CRITERION.

Drummer—"That fellow, Lazenberry, lounging over there, is of very little account, isn't he?"

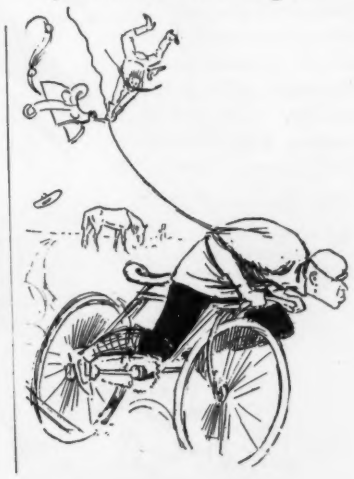
Squam Corners merchant—"Little account? Why, he's so worthless that he's the most expert whittler in the village."

WILD BILL—"Watch me stop the tenderfoot."

NEVERTIRE (*the long-distance champion*)—"Gee-whiz! I bet I will make a record-buster this time."



NEVERTIRE—"This won't do—guess I must have a puncture."



NEVERTIRE—"Take me for a cow, will you? Well, you just stay up there a while."

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JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

FANNY RICE "AT THE FRENCH BALL."

Three Little Pairs of Shoes,
With Fanny Rice inside them,
May well inspire the muse—
So do not try to hide them.
Comedienne of joy and spice,
You're like your name—a rhyme for *nice*.

A COLD REGION.

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, I was sorry to move out of that neighborhood. We all congealed so nicely there."

A FATAL CASE.

Mr. Wallin—"It is no use, doctor. I know my wife is in a very bad condition. You may try to cheer me up, but I have no hope of improvement. She is going down hill fast."

Doctor—"What makes you take such a hopeless view of the case?"

Mr. Wallin—"Well, I've been getting the Sunday papers containing the advertisements for her to read, and even marked with a blue pencil some of the bargains which I thought might interest her. And do you believe, she wouldn't look at one of 'em!"

EVER YOUNG.

MAN has seven ages,
Ere his life is done;
But for lovely woman
There is only one.

A VETERAN TOO.

HE STOOD before the village store
Unkempt and weary-eyed,
His shabby harness here and there
With bits of rope was tied;
His knees were stiff, his coat was long,
A sorry sight indeed,
The butt of many an idler's jest—
The farmer's old gray steed.

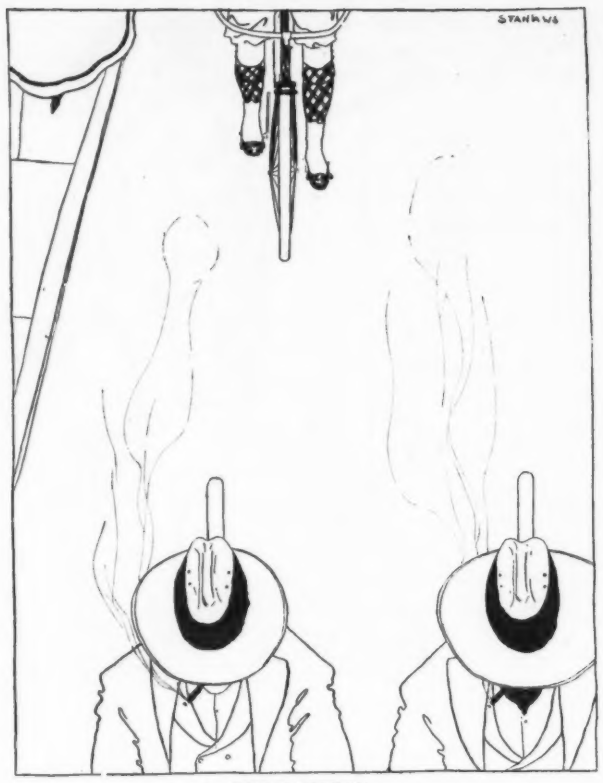
Across the hot and dusty square
And up the narrow street
Arose a burst of rolling drums
And bugles loud and sweet.
He turned his head and pricked his ears
And shook his tangled mane,
As memory with its magic swelled
His withered veins again.

With every well-remembered note
A vision on him grew
Of trumpets with their crimson cords,
And lines of men in blue.
He seemed to see from far and near
The marching squadrons come,
And flung his broken harness off
To curvet to the drum.

For first upon a battle-field
He heard the bugles blow,
"Attention" in the dreary dawn
And "Charge" upon the foe.
The soldier-heart was in him yet,
Though he was blind and lame,
And many a whip had left its scar
Upon his gallant frame.

So every hand to every cap
Went up in grave salute
As all the veterans passed him by
With flag and fife and flute;
And some were seen to drop a tear—
Those bearded men in blue—
A tribute to the old gray horse
Who was a veteran too.

MINNA IRVING.



EMPHASIZED.

POET—"That man we just passed is Editor Soanso. He is one of my most particular friends."

DITTO—"He must buy your poems."

POET—"Oh, no; he never buys any. I said most particular, didn't I?"

TIME ENOUGH.

Insurance-agent—"Do you want the insurance for one or three years?"

Isaacs—"Er—von veek vill do."

WHERE HE KEPT THE JUG.

MRS. HAYLY (*a strict-temperance advocate*)—"Wa-al, land sakes, Joshua! w'y do yew go up thar so much, ennyway?"

MR. HAYLY (*who takes his nip on the sly*)—"Jest ter git a leetle breath of fresh air, M'ria."

MRS. HAYLY—"Wa-al, ef thet's a fresh-air breath yew allus bring with yew from up thar, thar must be a pecooliar atmosphere 'round thet chimbly."

CASH.

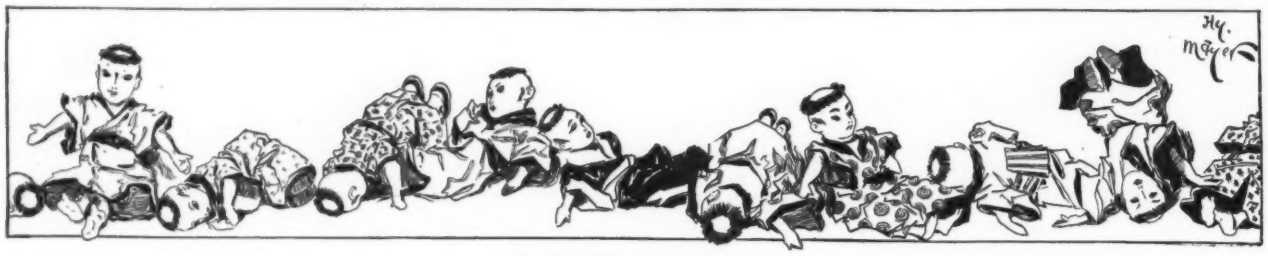
JOB remarked, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." This would seem to indicate that the modern department-store was not entirely unknown to the ancients.

PROVED.

Small girl—"How did Jonah know that he was three days and three nights in the whale?"

Small boy (rejoicing in the possession of his first time-piece)—"He looked at his watch, of course."

"WILL you please tell me," said little Miss Citiman to the farmer, "which are the cows that give the beef-tea?"



"FIGURES THAT LIE."

IT WAS EFFECTUAL.

SHE took off her hat just the wing to repair
Of a little stuffed bird;
Then the man behind murmured, "What beautiful hair!"
Which the girl overheard.
When a little adjustment repaired the mishap
She was artlessly gay.
Did she put the hat on? No; it lay in her lap
To the end of the play.

G. B.

APPROPRIATE PRIZES.

"YOU missed the treat of your life by not being with us last night," said Mrs. Dorcas, smiling commiseratingly upon her friend.

"I hear your dress-reform club had a prize debate," replied Mrs. Cobwigger. "Was that so?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Mrs. Dorcas. "It was the most important meeting the club ever held, and we will be known from one end of the country to the other as soon as the debate has been printed in pamphlet form."

"Tell me all about it. I'm just dying to know."

"Well," went on Mrs. Dorcas, "you know the club has been working on the scheme for months, and in order to provide prizes of a sufficient intrinsic value to induce the members to do their best we spent all the money in the treasury. The debate was on rational dress, and the consensus of opinion was that women should return to nature. Of course we didn't mean that they should adopt the garb of Mother Eve, but it was the sense of the meeting that women should give up the foibles of fashion and pattern their dress after the loose-flowing Grecian models."

"You don't mean those women with the impossible waists, do you?" interrupted the more-worldly Mrs. Cobwigger.

"You only think them impossible because you are not sufficiently advanced, my dear," replied Mrs. Dorcas. "You seem to forget that those same Grecian women posed for the most beautiful statues the world possesses."

"I always thought that was because we had no sculptors in these days," commented Mrs. Cobwigger. "But what were the prizes you offered for the best articles on rational dress?'

"The first prize, which that hateful Mrs. Crabshaw won, was a lovely reception-dress, with the longest court-train you ever saw, while the second prize was a beautiful pair of glove-fitting corsets which would make almost any woman's waist look like an hour-glass."

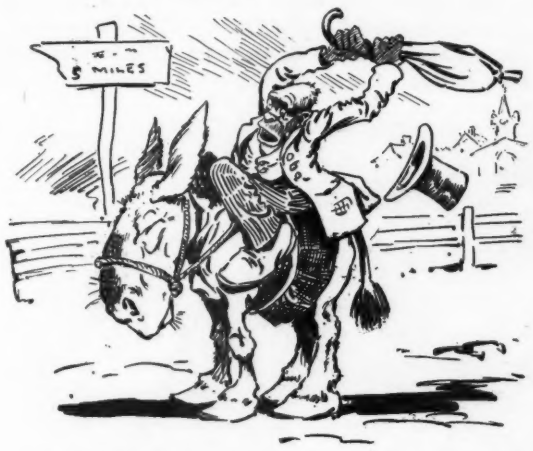
JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

AN UP-TO-DATE "AD."

MR. NEWLYWED (*leaving for business*)—"Well, my dear, have you got your 'ad.' written yet for a nurse?"

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Yes, love; here it is. 'Wanted—a good, healthy nurse who knows all about the care of bicycles.'"

SEPARATE WAYS.



1. 'RASTUS (*to balking mule*)—"Look heah! Eider yo's gwine mah way——

2. ——er I's gwine youah way, one er de odder."

3. 'RASTUS (*a minute later*)—"Well, ef Ah didn' clean fergit dar wuz anodder way outen dat differculty."

A CONCESSION BY THE PORTE.

"IN REGARD to that note from the powers," remarked Abdul Hamid, "you will see to it that fewer Christians are beheaded for a while now."

"You don't mean to tell me"—— began the vizier.

"Nonsense! Of course not. But we can put on a little extra pressure to convert them to Mohammedanism first and behead them afterward, can't we?"

Mr. Wheeling has been pushing his bike so hard lately that the strain has tired his eyes.

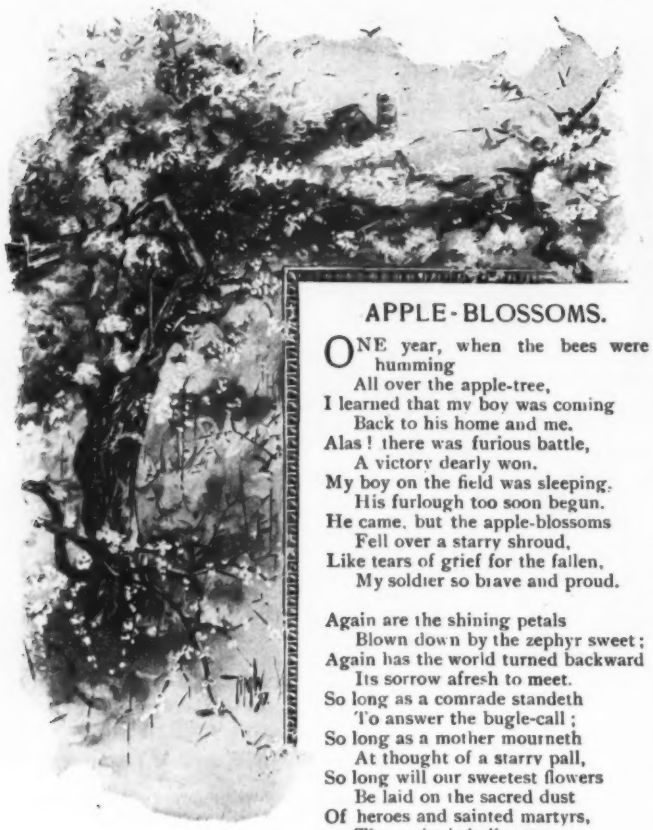
IN THE WILDWOOD.

'TIS sweet to steal a while from care
And stray amid the trees,
Where one can woo his damsel fair
Or sport with bumble-bees,
While up his pants
Creep festive ants,
Or haply hop the fleas.

GOOD EVIDENCE.

Madison—"I'm getting suspicious of Crossley. I think he is living a double life."

Parkes—"I'm sure of it. He works in New York and sleeps in Brooklyn."



APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

ONE year, when the bees were humming
All over the apple-tree,
I learned that my boy was coming
Back to his home and me.
Alas! there was furious battle,
A victory dearly won.
My boy on the field was sleeping,
His furlough too soon begun.
He came, but the apple-blossoms
Fell over a starry shroud,
Like tears of grief for the fallen,
My soldier so brave and proud.

Again are the shining petals
Blown down by the zephyr sweet;
Again has the world turned backward
Its sorrow afresh to meet.
So long as a comrade standeth
To answer the bugle-call;
So long as a mother mourneth
At thought of a starry pall,
So long will our sweetest flowers
Be laid on the sacred dust
Of heroes and sainted martyrs,
The nation's holiest trust.

N. A. M. ROE.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

THE following story "on" General Fitzhugh Lee is related by himself with keen zest. Though doubtless it is familiar to many Virginians, it has never, so far as I am aware, appeared in print.

"Fitz" Lee, as everyone knows, commanded the confederate cavalry in Virginia toward the close of the war; and the last fighting at Appomattox, within twenty-four hours of the surrender, was when he attacked Sheridan's cavalry and was repulsed by the timely arrival of federal re-enforcements under General Ord. After the surrender of the army of northern Virginia our gallant trooper was dejectedly plodding homeward, in the direction of Lynchburg, on the horse that General Grant had magnanimously allowed him to retain. He met a grayback private with a gun, hurrying on afoot to rejoin his regiment. Fitz stopped him and said, "No use going any further. Lee has surrendered."

A NEW JERSEY NIGHTMARE.

"*What!*" exclaimed the Virginian veteran. "Lee surrendered? I don't believe it. It's a lie."

Being finally assured that the sad tidings was only too true the poor fellow insisted, fairly blubbering with disappointment and mortification:

"Anyhow, I don't believe Uncle Robert Lee ever surrendered. It must ha' been that —— ——d Fitz Lee!"

HENRY TYRRELL.

SHE WAS.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS is very young and very absent-minded. Coming down on a cable-car the other morning, he was deeply interested in the account of the Græco-Turkish war and did not notice his pretty neighbor until the conductor stood in front of her and said, "Your fare."

The professor looked up and said, "Isn't she, though?"

The car didn't reach the next corner soon enough, so the professor jumped off in the middle of the block; but the girl didn't seem to mind.

SHOULD BE FREED.

Pat—"An phwat grounds is Murphy thryin' t' git a pardon?"

Mike—"Begorra! he wor sintinced fer th' rist av his natural loife, an' thot kem t' an ind phwin he wint t' prison."

MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"They say the rays of the full moon will make people blind. Do you believe it?"
MR. NEWLYWED—"Certainly I do. I proposed to *you* on a moonlight night—don't you remember?"

As things really were in Attorney Slick's private office——

—— and the way the typewriter girl and the situation of the lamp made things look to Attorney Slick's wife.

SHADOW EVIDENCE.

SENSE OF DUTY STRAINED.

Conductor (to station-master at Lonesomehurst)—"Why did you flag this train? I don't see any passengers to get aboard."

Station-master (new to his responsibilities)—"Well, I calculated you might have some to let off."

TROUTING.

FOR speckled beauties now he casts the fly,
And whips the pools and eke the bubbling water;
Though oft the only one to catch his eye
Will be the farmer's lovely freckled daughter.

THE AMERICAN JOKE.

NOW this is the history of the American joke and the vicissitudes which happen unto a piece of American humor.

When it is young it is bought and paid for by an American publisher, and it appeareth in the American publisher's publication, and the American public laugheth much thereat.

Presently it is copied into other American papers, sometimes with proper credit being given to the publication in which it originally appeared and sometimes with no credit whatever.

Then it is copied into the literature known to the trade as "boiler-plate matter," and furnisheth mirth to the denizens of the small towns and likewise to the country residents who peruse the county weeklies.

About this time the American joke crosseth the ocean, where it is captured by the conscienceless Britisher, who uses it as his own. After a stay of several weeks in England the American joke returneth to its birthplace, and editors of publications who ought to know better cut it out of the thieving English sheets and credit it to the paper which stole it.

It straightway beginneth a second run across the American continent with *Tid-Bits* or *Pearson's Weekly* tacked to its tail.

About this time the publishers of *Fliegende Blätter* seize it and drag it to Berlin, where it is done into idiomatic German and printed as a production of the humor-factories of the fatherland.

In process of time the German version of the American joke returns to the land of its birth, and painstaking and honest American editors translate it into the vernacular and it begins a third tour of America, this time with the name of the Berlin paper attached to its caudal extremity.

BENEVOLENCE.

FAKING FLIMMFLAM (*hoarsely*)—"Boss, 'll yer let a starvin' man gnaw de bones yer dorg is standin' over?"
FARMER—"Are yew so hungry thet ye'll gnaw 'em?'
FAKING FLIMMFLAM—"Indeed I am, boss."
FARMER—"Yes; an' I'll hold ther dorg while ye're gnawin' 'em. It sha'n't be said thet I let a pore feller-critter starve. Sail in, b'gosh!"

AN INVULNERABLE TROCHA.

GENERAL WHILER (*knocked off his horse by a Cuban volley from ambush*)—"C-arr-r-r-ramba!"
AIDE—"Colorado Maduro! General have they vitally wounded you?'
GENERAL WHILER (*vindictively*)—"Maledicto! No; but as they all aimed at my heart their accursed bullets have ruined about seventeen of my bravery medals."

By this time the American joke is in such a condition that sometimes its own parent recognizes it with difficulty.

But the career of the original American witticism is by no means closed when it proudly takes its place as "boiler-plate matter." This is the time when it is carefully gathered in by the trained joke-hunters employed by Chauncey M. Depew, who deftly arrange it so that the event of which it treats is located in Peekskill, and then the American joke is ready for after-dinner consumption.

It happeneth also that other hunters are on its trail. It is greedily seized by the man who maketh patent-medicine almanacs, and is made to aid the digestion of much dry literature pertaining to that tired feeling and letters from individuals who have been made new men and women after taking only sixty-eight bottles of Dr. Dosem's dark-blue mass pills.

Its career is not yet run, for in process of time it appeareth in the minstrel's repertory and scintillates upon the stage in comic opera. It has now attained immortality and will afford amusement to the end of time.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

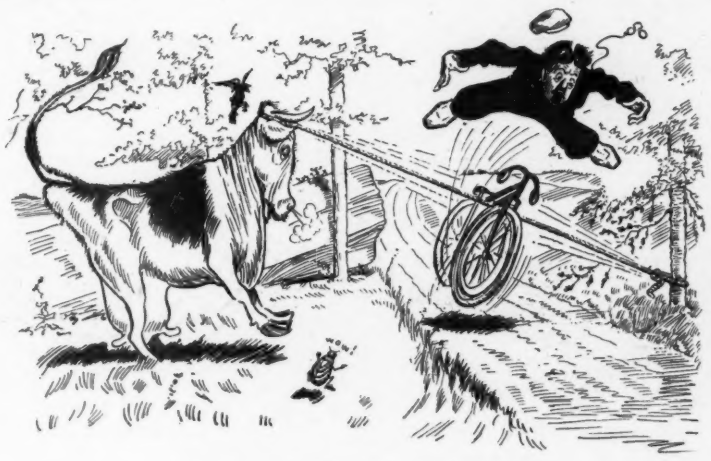
AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

THE COW—"This bunch-grass is fine over on this side of the road."

WHY SHE SCREAMED.

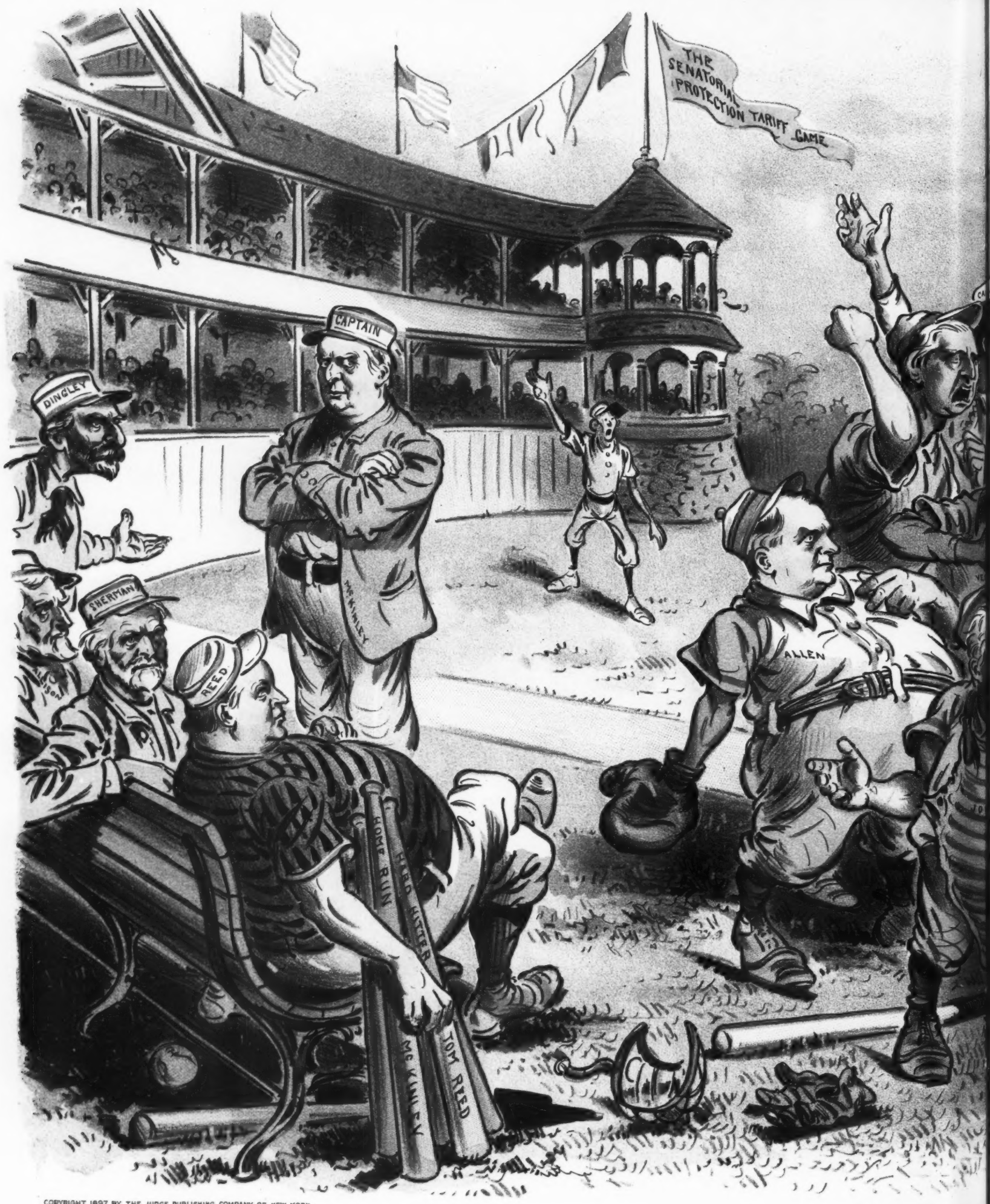
Burgling Bill (two a. m.)—"Now don't make any noise, leddy, fer I ain't arter you."

Miss Oldgirl (galvanized into action)—"Oh, you brute!"



2. THE BIKER—"Hi, there! Look out!"

3. BOTH—"Well, I'll be —!"



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THE KICK

UNCLE SAM (*who wants more legislation and less talk*)—

KICKERS.

and less talk)—"Oh, for goodness' sake, *play ball!*"

ANOTHER HIPPODROME.

ANGRY VOICES—"And why can't Persimmons meet the Unknown?"

REFEREE (*apologetically*)—"Well, gents, der verascope people have jest found out dat de Unknown is a coon, an' dev claim dey can't get a good color record frum 'im on deir masheens."

A LEGAL PROPOSITION.

TO YOU, whom most these presents do concern,
I here allege with love's own fire I burn;
And also do attest my heart is free
Of all incumbrance—owned in simple fee.
I bargain, therefore, if you give your heart
In fair consideration, for your part,
As party of the first part, unto me,
I, party of the second, give to thee
All right, claim, interest which pertains,
With all appurtenance which there remains,
With hereditaments, my heart—my life—
Ah, yes, and more, if you will be my wife.

As second party, swear I to defend
Said deed and title till the very end;
And firmly by these presents will I bind
Myself unto a promise to be kind—
Thy love to cherish, thy commands obey,
Thy heart protect forever and a day;
Thy vassal and thy loyal knight to be,
If you decide to deed your heart to me.

Whereof in witness set I seal and hand
This day and year in our most lovely land.

Subscribed and sworn to here this lovesome day,
Before dear Cupid lad, the not'ry fay
Appointed long ago—as you may see—
To act in all the realm of Arcadie

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

A REDEEMING FEATURE.

MRS. PLOUGHER—"Thet almaneck iz onreliabul. Hiram. Hyar yew staid tew hum from taown ter-day 'cause it perdicted rain, an' a purtier day never wuz"

MR. PLOUGHER—"It sartainly air onsartain in foretellin' th' weather; but it dew beat all creashun how it kin tell 'ithout a miss zackly w'en th moon iz goin' tew be full. An' ef yew ricolleck, las' summer we noticed it sed thet Crismus wud cum on Friday, an', by jinks! w'en th' time rolled roun' it wuz jest ez th' almaneck sed."

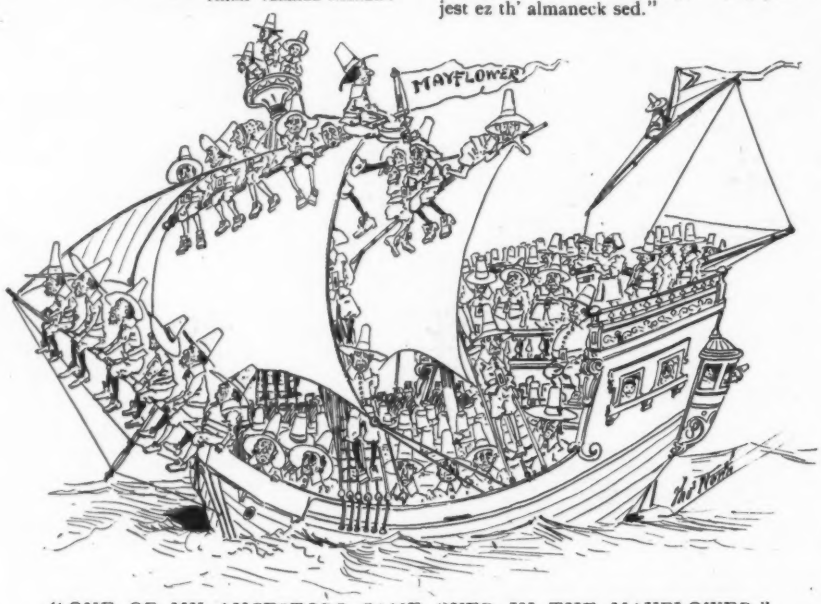
CHEAP.

IN A Dakota town where divorces and other adjustments of the affections are regulated with facility is a large sign on a bakery, "Seven loves for twenty-five cents"

SOVEREIGNTY.

A SILVER pencil-holder she
As philopena held in fee,
So when she bade him au revoir,
The season ended, "One thing more,"
She said. "I wish a coronet
Engraved upon it; don't forget!
The mark of rank is what I mean."
He whispered, "Yes, for you're my queen."

HELEN CHAUNCEY.



"ONE OF MY ANCESTORS CAME OVER IN THE MAYFLOWER."

The Mayflower must have had a full passenger-list if all those claiming themselves as descendants of some one of the voyagers are correct.

A DEFINITION.

THE mirror that freak journalism holds up to nature is simply the convex looking-glass of the dime-museum with an elaborate advertisement of itself in the corners.

WE ALL WONDER.

Little Clarence (with a rising inflection)—"Pa?"

Mr. Callipers (impatiently)—"Oh, I don't know!"

Little Clarence—"How do you know you don't know, pa, when you don't know what I am going to ask?"

Mr. Callipers—"I know from experience, but go ahead and ask your question."

Little Clarence—"Well, pa, why are church festivals, amateur concerts, home-talent theatricals and similar affairs called 'entertainments'?"

Mr. Callipers—"Nobody knows, my son."

NO DIFFERENCE.

VOLUBLE BARBER—"I intend to put a phonograph in my shop, and to run it constantly for the benefit of my customers. What do you think of the idea?"

CRUSTY—"Humph! I suppose one talking-machine is as good as another."

AFTER THE FLOOD.

"Where you livin', Bill?"

"I donno. I haven't found my house yet."

"How comes it," I said to the prisoner,
"That you're in such a place as this is?"
"Well," he said, "I'm a kleptomaniac
And did only a retail business."
—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Makes you feel like a new person. Abbott's Genuine Original Angostura Bitters.

A member of the Nebraska legislature proposes to make it a misdemeanor to have more than four aces in a deck of cards. This is the reform for which the world has waited. It is probably too much to expect legislation against five kings and six jacks all at one session.—*Buffalo Express.*

The grandmother of a certain little boy is out of town just now. As the little boy was saying his prayers the other night his mother interrupted his petitions for blessings upon everybody at home with a "Don't you think, Bobby, that you ought to pray for grandma's safety?" The little boy stopped short. "What!" he cried; "has grandma got a bike?"—*New York Evening Sun.*

Teacher—"James, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard?" *James*—"I don't know exactly, but I suppose it's a yard that the Cuban children play in."—*Boston Traveler.*

Materfamilias—"John, the baby 's swallowed a nickel." *Paterfamilias*—"Oh, well, it won't hurt him." *Materfamilias*—"I was mistaken, John; it was a ten-dollar gold-piece." *Paterfamilias*—"Heavens! Telephone for the doctor, quick!"—*New York World.*

First premium and gold medal at the world's fair was taken by *Cook's Imperial Champagne*, extra dry. Bouquet unrivaled.

A cheerful idiot who eats boiled oysters in our dining-room every Friday evening unblushingly remarks that Sears, who serves them, is the "oyster supe."—*Middletown Conglomerate.*

"What they hit is history, what they miss is mystery," is a quotation used by Senator Morgan. It is a fine description of modern journalism.—*Baltimore American.*

"I may be overcareful," she said as she hid the plated spoons and her curling-irons in the bottom of her trunk before she went out shopping, "but I just can't bear to run any risks." Then she pinned her gold watch to the outside of her dress by a blue ribbon and went down town.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is a shame to deceive the American public with cheap, spurious imitations. Insist on having Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine.

"Bridget has had breakfast late every day this week. Can't you do something to get her up on time?" "Well, there's the alarm-clock." "That doesn't always go off. Lend her the baby."—*Chicago Record.*

"What mystifies me," said the nominee of the citizens' independent association, "is how party politics ever came to be introduced in municipal campaigns." "Perhaps," suggested the man of experience, "the system was adopted to prevent every man being his own candidate."—*Chicago Journal.*

The militiaman was undergoing an examination for a non-commissioned officer. "What do army regulations make the first requisite in order that a man may be buried with military honors?" was the question fired at him. "Death," he promptly responded. And after mature reflection the examining committee held that he was right.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Dandruff,
Chafing, Itching,
Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,
quickly relieved by
Packer's Tar Soap.
"Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching."
—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

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Beeman's

The Original Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

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HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES
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When taking out Life Insurance in
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The PRUDENTIAL has the STRENGTH of GIBRALTAR.
A solid, reliable Company, with years of experience and Millions of Dollars behind it.

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THIS REMARKABLE TOILET PREPARATION HAS NO EQUAL FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR AND WILL, AFTER A FEW APPLICATIONS, GIVE THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.
SHOULD BE ON THE DRESSING TABLE OF EVERY GENTLEMAN AND GENTLEWOMAN.

THROAT EASE AND BREATH PERFUME
SEN-SEN
Good for Young and Old.
AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS IN STAMPS. SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. A. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Oldest—Newest.
NOT
that I was First am I Best,
BUT
that I am Best am I First.
First AND Best.
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER
The Number SIX New Model.
327 Broadway, New York.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

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Hertel
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IMPORTER

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world
THE CLUB COCKTAILS
MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.
Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.
AVOID IMITATIONS
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

A Good Hotel Man

studies to please his guests—and orders now for the season a supply of

Evans' Ale,

the highest grade brewing in the world—the *only* ale that is *always* in proper condition—no sediment.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Established 1786,
HUDSON, NEW YORK.

When "the grinders cease, Because they are few," It's too late!

Take care of the Teeth BEFORE OLD AGE.

Sozodont

cannot be tried too early in life—the liquid daily, the powder twice a week. Many families have used it nearly forty years.

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NEW YORK *Proprietors* LONDON
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

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Absolutely Pure, Very Old, Delicious Flavor.

Rye Whiskey.

DISTILLED IN MARYLAND.

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EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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THE **STANDARD** SIZE

20th Century

BICYCLE HEADLIGHT.
IMPROVED '97 MODEL.
On Wheels Everywhere.
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This Introduces

THE **TANDEM** SIZE
FOR BICYCLES
And as a
Driving Lamp.
Nearly
"All Reflector"
GIVES IMMENSE LIGHT
without increasing materially the size or weight of body.

THE
Tandem Size
Height, 5¼ in. Diameter Reflector, 5 in. Weight, Nickel and Japan, 12¼ oz. Aluminum, 10 oz.
Prices include one attachment. Either Bicycle or Carriage. Either exchanged for the other. Either sold separately, 75c. each.

Nickel,	$4.00
Japan,	4.00
Aluminum,	5.00

Gossamer Hood with each lamp. From dealers, or express paid on receipt of price.

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She—"You have broken the promise you made me." *He*—"Never mind, my dear; don't cry. I'll make you another."—*Comic Cuts.*

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12 HOURS from NEW YORK.
In the heart of the
ADIRONDACKS.
The Best Deer Camp Known.
PRICE, $8,000.
MERRILL & CO.,
90 Varick Street, - - New York.

Margerie, aged four, had just been told the story of Little Red Riding Hood in, as the raconteur thought, very thrilling style. At the conclusion Margerie asked nonchalantly, "Did the wolf eat Little Red Riding Hood without any butter?"—*Washington Times.*

PEGAMOID

WET PAINT.

R. A.—"Be careful of the picture; it's not dry."
PORTER—"All right, sir; I've got my old coat on."
—*Pick-Me-Up.*

RUPTURE CURED.

WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
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We are willing to submit the Waverley and any statement of ours concerning it, to any fairly selected board of experts in the world. We claim that the Waverley is the peer of any in quality and has the only true ball bearings ever attached to a bicycle. These bearings make Waverleys run easiest.

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Catalogue free.

Our imitators our competitors,

but they all lack the essential feature—rattan. That's the secret of our saddle's success, for wood fibre cannot stretch, and a sagging saddle is unhealthy. The '97 model MESINGER is comfortable and hygienic, for felt covers the rattan to soften, and the centre opening relieves all injurious pressure. Our 1897 model is a year ahead, and a year better than even our '96. Price, $3.50, expressed, for the 8, 9 or 10-inch widths, and 50c. extra with spiral springs.

For sale everywhere.
Mention where you saw this, and send 4c. for souvenir pin.

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RATTAN SADDLE
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

"Your son is graduated this spring?" "Yes." "What position will he accept?" "He hasn't decided yet. The Brooklyns have made him an offer to play short and the Bostons want him at second."—*Ohio State Journal.*

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Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$2.98 FREE! For the next 60 Days to introduce our GARFIELD PEPSIN GUM.

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Luxury Shaving Tablet 25 cents.
Round—just fits the cup. Delightfully perfumed.

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Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.

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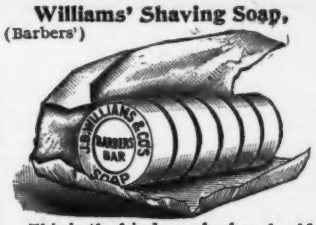

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Theatre Train for Chicago—12:10 MIDNIGHT—EVERY NIGHT BUT SUNDAY—via New York Central.

"Can any of you tell me why Lazarus was a beggar?" asked the female teacher in a west-side Sunday-school. "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" she repeated sternly. "Please, ma am, replied a small boy whose father was a merchant, "because he didn't advertise."—*Buffalo Times.*

Mrs. Hicks—"I see that there is going to be an auction of the Wentworths' furniture to-day. Don't you think I had better go and see if I can pick a table for the parlor? You know we said last night we needed one." *Mr. Hicks*—"Yes, so we do; but I guess you had better go and get one at the stores. Times are pretty hard just now, and we really can't afford to pay auction prices."—*Somerville Journal.*

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A local bar-tender has invented a "Fitzsimmons punch." He does not disclose how he makes it, but he guarantees a knockout with every round ordered.—*Syracuse Courier.*

Good Health and Good Cheer flow from every bottle of

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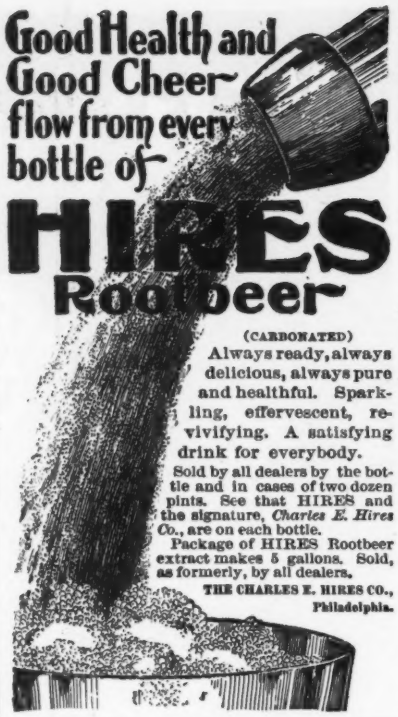

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Always ready, always delicious, always pure and healthful. Sparkling, effervescent, revivifying. A satisfying drink for everybody.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature, *Charles E. Hires Co.*, are on each bottle.

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The demand for this useful article has become so universal that poor counterfeits have been put upon the market.

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Marlborough House, S. W.

Please send for the use of H. R. H., the Princess of Wales, six dozen of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT as soon as possible. Kindly give two bottles to bearer for to-day's luncheon. Yours faithfully,

JOHN GWILLIM, Cellarman For H. R. H.

The genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** makes Flesh and Blood. One dozen bottles of the genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** will give more strength and contains more nutritive elements than one cask of ale or porter, without being intoxicating.

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Men's Furnishings.

STEAMER RUGS.

Carriage and Lap Robes, Pajamas, Bath Robes, Night Shirts, Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Smoking Jackets, Flannel Traveling Shirts

NECKWEAR.

Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs.

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Driving and Riding Gloves.

UMBRELLAS.

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Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 151, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

A POSER.

BERTIE—"Please, auntie, was every living thing drowned that didn't go into the ark?"
AUNTIE—"Yes, Bertie."
BERTIE—"Fishes?"
—*Pick-Me-Up.*

"Search-Light" Always Bright.

The Leader!

A lantern that does not jar or blow out.
Reflecting surfaces are always bright.
All riders say it is—THE BEST.

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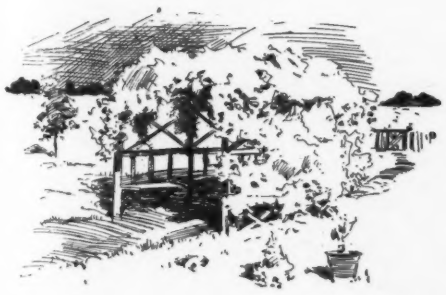

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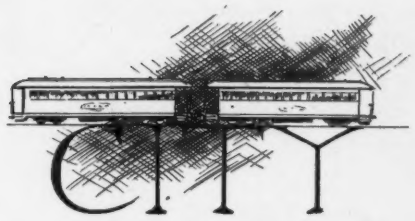

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